

A Special Snowflake

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"No, bud, you've gotta stay here." Hiccup pat his Night Fury on the head gently and cocked his head to the side, listening. He could hear his father snoring from downstairs. Time to go. Toothless whined softly when Hiccup moved away from his bed and towards the window. The viking frowned as he stepped out onto the windowsill.

"Sorry, but people are starting to get suspicious. I can get away sneakier this way." The dragon grumbled and layed his head back down. Even if Hiccup was right, he still didn't like the boy wandering around alone at night. Hiccup waved and smiled nervously before scaling the outside of his home. He'd done it more than 100 times that year, but it still scared him every time thanks to his prosthetic leg. As he finally met the ground, he stumbled a bit, but managed to catch himself before falling. His head swept from side to side, making sure no one saw him.

He ran as quickly as he could into the forest, sticking to the darkest shadows. Villagers catching him would be bad, but dragons alone in the dark would be much worse. Even if he WAS handy with them. He could hear Terrible Terrors bickering in the woods and he cringed. The last thing he needed was attention right now.

After about an hour, he was about half way to his destination, the grotto where he'd first trained Toothless. He smiled absently at the memory. Despite his lack of proximity, he still felt the need to call out.

>"Jack. Jack, are you out here?" He cringed at how loud his voice sounded in the quiet forest.<p>

"Yeah?" Hiccup jumped and promptly fell over at the sound of the

voice so close to him. He stumbled around in the snow a bit before standing back up indignantly and wiping off the excess. Jack snickered at Hiccup's glare.

>"You're late," he commented.
"You're obnoxious. I had to wait for my dad to fall asleep." Jack waved his hand in dismissal.

>"Whatever, you're still late. C'mon, we'll fly the rest of the way." Hiccup rolled his eyes and took Jack's outstretched hand. This part always scared him. He was used to flying, or course, but this was a whole different type of experience. He had virtually no control over the situation, and it reminded him of the time before he was a dragon trainer. The time when he had so little control over his life. He sucked in a deep breath and closed his eyes as he felt the wind pick up and his good foot leave the ground. He could feel the other's arm around his waist, the other still firmly grasping his hand.<p>

"Relax," he mumbled.

"I-I'm trying. Sorry." Hiccup's eyes slowly cracked open and he looked around nervously. The cold wind made his eyes water a bit, but didn't hinder him too much. He didn't recognize the area at all.

"What part of Berk is this?"

"Its not. Its a few miles outside of Burgess."

"Burgess? Where the hell is that?"

"I'm not sure. I guess you could tchnically call it my home town." He frowned, but said nothing more. The brunette decided not to push it. Finally, they arrived at a little lake not unlike the one at Hiccup's grotto. Hiccup frowned.

"A frozen lake? Why couldn't we just go to-"

"No, you're looking at it wrong." Jack pointed up towards the trees irritably. From them hung long, sparkling icicles. The trunks of said trees had frost spiraling in a floral-like pattern all the way down. It then occurred to him that he could see any of this, and he looked around for a light source. He turned slowly, and behind him he saw dozens, no probably more like hundreds of blue and white candles littering the snow and rocks on the ground. Upon further inspection he saw a blanket spread out on the snow and a basket on it too. Which all seemed fine, but there were also pillows... As in "spending the night with your boyfriend" pillows.

Despite the cold, he could feel a bead of sweat trickle down the back of his neck. Suddenly, the air around him felt very thin and dry. He was absolutely positive his heartbeat could be heard in the quiet night. He tried to breathe slowly and much more calmly.

"A picnic? W-what's the occasion."

"Did I ever tell you I was born here? Right there in that lake? I wasn't born like you, of course, but I think it still counts." Jack flopped down on the blanket. Hiccup shuffled nervously before sitting next to him.

"Is there something wrong, Jack?"

"...I think it might be my birthday. I don't really know its been a really long time. Over a hundred years. It gets hard to keep track of the days sometimes."

"Why didn't you tell me sooner? I would've got you something. Trader Johan was just--"

"That's why I did all of this," he said, gesturing to the beautiful icework. "Because this IS my gift. Seeing you happy is all I wanted." Hiccup smiled crookedly before awkwardly pointing a thumb at the plethora of pillows.

"Um, are you SURE that's all you wanted?" Jack jolted back in surprise, his hands raised in a defensive manner.

"Ah, no, that's not what I meant at all by that! Its just, I wanted you to be comfortable is all! I mean, you don't even have pillows on your own bed and--"

"YOU WERE WATCHING ME SLEEP?" The pink spreading across the spirit's cheeks deepend in hue to rest at a dark scarlet.

"Wait, that's not how that was supposed to come out I mean I do, sometimes, but I don't do anything I swear!"

"Oh my Gods, that is so creepy. What is wrong with you?"

"I'm not trying to be creepy! I just get worried about you, okay? I'm scared...something might happen to you," jack finished quietly. Hiccup made an indignant noise and crossed his arms.

"I can take care of myself," he ground out through gritted teeth.

"I know, I've seen how capable you are. I'm sorry, I'm really messing this up, aren't I?" Jack asked. The viking's expression softened slightly and his arms dropped from his chest slowly.

"No, I guess... I shouldn't be so irritable. I'm sorry, I'm just used to everyone thinking I'm... you know, useless. Besides, it IS your birthday. I should be nicer. I still don't get how you were born in a lake though. Your mom must have been one hell of a swimmer." Jack laughed and shook his head.

"No, no. It isn't the same. I wasn't born like you. I'm not...human, remember? Actually, I'm not sure WHAT I am... Anyway, it's not important. For once, I'd like to not dwell on the past...or the future." He smiled, but it was thin and veiled much more pain that he knew how to show. Hiccup smiled weakly as well and gestured to the basket.

"Right, so, how about that grub? What'd you pack?"

"I have no idea, Tooth made it all. So it's all probably gonna be really healthy and gum-friendly or some crap like that." Hiccup laughed as he dug through the contents of the picnic basket, finding that his friend was absolutely correct, as presumed. He didn't mind, though. With a steady diet of pretty much meat, meat, and a little bit more meat all the time, it was nice to have some change. Berk

wasn't exactly the most versatile with its food choices.

"Hey, food is food where I come from. Let's eat!"

End
file.